



PUCKOGRAPHS.—XIII.

A NOTED CONVERSATIONALIST.

THE AUTOMOBILE.

HOW DOES it go, if I may ask?"
Said Margaret, the maid.
"I'll show you now, I'll show you now,"
The gallant driver said.
"It needs no horse to draw it—
It pushes itself, you know;
This lever here—it starts and stops
And runs it fast or slow;
This wheel is what you steer it with
Wherever you want to go;—
It's just the thing to ride in
Of a morning."

"It takes a knack to run it,"
Said Margaret, the maid.
"A little knack, a little knack,"
The modest driver said.
"You have to use both hands, I
guess?"
"I have no hands to spare."
"You have to have a watchful eye."
"Indeed, a watchful pair!"
"I'm not much taken with it,"
Said Margaret, the fair;
"It's not the thing to ride in
Of an evening."

Frank Sawin Bailey.

GREAT SNAKES!

O'KEEFE (hotty).—Me ancistors wor ixiled frum Erin, years ago.
Thot's more than yez kin boast av!
CASEV.—Well, yez don't blame Saint Pathrick fer phwat he done,
do yez?

MANNERS CONSIST in staring at a girl as if she was pretty, and not as
if her skirt and shirt-waist had come apart behind.

THE KISSING-BUG craze was not of long duration; but in the rural
districts the popularity of the kissing-buggy will never abate.

HER CRIME.

"Well, — er — h'm!"
said the facetious citizen;
"I don't think of any news
just now, except that there
was a lynching at our house
yesterday afternoon."

"What?" eagerly asked
the editor of the village
newspaper. "You don't
mean —"

"I mean that my wife
hung a screen door."

"Pshaw! That is not
a crime!"

"Is n't? Just wait till
you see the manner in
which she accomplished the
job!"

REPREHENSIBLE.

"It is altogether wrong
for our newspapers to give
so much prominence to
murders!" protested the
Chicago man, warmly;—
"it tends to discredit our
- census figures!"

AN INQUIRY.

MRS. CORNCORNER. —
They say that Lady Curzon
exact's royal homage at the
Indian Court.

MR. CORNCORNER.— In-
deed? On the ground that
she 's from Chicago?

HIS OPINION.

MR. BLACK.— Dem Filipinos am yaller.
MR. JOHNSON.— Yes; but dat doan mean
dat dey 's mulatters. Dey 's a inferior race.

BRUTAL SYMPATHY.

SHE.— It is so much trouble to bathe Poodle
in the hot weather!

HE.— Well, whitewash him.

A METHOD OF SETTLEMENT.

"It is said that a plan has been suggested for the
settlement of the Chinese complications."

"What is it?"

"It is proposed that China shall be sold at auction and the proceeds
divided among the Powers."

IT LOOKS now as if we might possibly present Admiral Dewey with a
flat in Harlem, with the rent paid for one year.

PERHAPS THE Hague conference is a scheme of the Plough Trust for
getting a lot of swords cheap.



SOME INFORMATION ABOUT SILAS.

TRAVELER.— I'm looking for one Silas Scroggins.

STOREKEEPER.— One Silas Scroggins? That's all there is, stranger,
— only one. He lives up the road; an' when you meet the pesky old cuss
you 'll be glad there ain't no more 'n one!

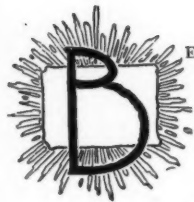


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A SAINTLY YEARNING.

REVEREND GOODMAN. — Your little boy says he would like to be a missionary to the Filipinos! What put that idea into his head?
 MRS. HIGHCHURCH. — Why, the dear little fellow wants a shotgun, and his papa won't let him have it!

THE SAGE AND THE PEOPLE.



B E HOLD! — the Sage sat before the door of his cave, and the rabble came and put questions to him and he answered them after their wisdom or their folly.

“To what shall we liken the poet?” said a smooth-faced youth.

“The poet shall be likened to a boy who in picking up a handful of pebbles that pleased his fancy has been told that he has a diamond among them, and straightway grubs in the soil all his life thereafter, hoping to find another gem.”

“And the warrior?”

“The warrior is like unto a child who hears another praised for killing a serpent, and finds him a stick that he too may be told that he is valiant.”

“What of the housewife?”

“She is as the mother-bird that makes much to-do over a nest of sticks and straws that the winds of Winter shall soon scatter abroad.”

“What sayest thou of the rich man?” asked a portly merchant.

“He is none other than the tortoise, which for safety's sake is glad to see little, except what is set before it.”

“Speak of love,” said the sweet voice of a maiden.

“Let an echo answer thee; I am only a man, and deal not in magical spells.”

“How do we know what is true?” asked a graybeard.

“How tell death from life?” asked the Sage, smiling.

“Canst predict the future?” demanded a crone.

“When I shall know the past.”

Then the Sage passed around the hat, but did n't strike much; whereupon he gazed scornfully on the mob.

“Come to-morrow,” quoth he, with heat in his voice, “and see me do stunts on a flying-trapeze. This is no place for a Concord School of Philosophy.”

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VERSATILITY.



CLARA. — Why, Fanny, what sort of a bathing-suit do you call that? What are all those buttons for?

FANNY. — I'll show you. You know that one part of the season we spend at Ocean Grove —

— and the other part at the Pier.



AMPLE SECURITY.

GUEST.— There is no fire-escape in this room!
 LANDLORD GOLDSTEIN.— Vell, it 's a brandt new hotel;—it is not inzured;— peesness vas goot. Vot more do you vant?

UP WITH THE TIMES.

“Huh!” skeptically ejaculated the proprietor of the Town Hall at Pettyville. “It is all right to say that you are producing a strictly up-to-date version of the historic old drama, but I 'd like to know how Uncle Tom's Cabin can be modernized and brought up to the present?”

“Easy enough!” briskly replied the advance-agent of the aggregation which was starring fourteen — count them — fourteen genuine man-eating Siberian bloodhounds. “Instead of having Uncle Tom whipped to death for talking religion, we cause him to vote the Republican ticket, and then count him out and lynch him when he kicks about it.”



A REPORT.

TOURIST.— So everybody 's hustling and times are good, eh?

FARMER.— Yes; even the fellers that said they would n't be good are so busy they can't stop to tell ye how they got it wrong.

EVERYBODY CAUGHT IT.

SUBURBANITE.— The train was so crowded this morning, I could n't get a seat.

HIS WIFE (in surprise).— Really! What was the cause?

SUBURBANITE.— It was three minutes late and nobody missed it.

SHIRKING THE JOB.

“Woman's lot in life is to suffer in silence.”

“That may be, Martha; but you know very well she gets out of it if there is anybody around.”

WHAT HE OVERHEARD.

JOHNNY.— Mama, does Papa want me to be good or bad?

MAMA.— Good, of course.

JOHNNY.— Well, I heard him telling Uncle Bob what a young scamp I was, and he was laughing about it like as if he was n't a bit displeased.

A FREE LUNCH.

“We never let Jimmy know when we are going to make ice-cream.”

“Does he eat too much?”

“No; but he invites in all the boys for two blocks around.”

THE WOMAN AND THE CAR.

See the Woman! She is Waiting for the Car. Here it Comes. It stops for Her. She is on the Sidewalk. She Looks at the Car, but does not Move. Yes; it is a Car! Will the Car Bite Her? No; it will not Bite Her. Then why does She seem Alarmed and Advance so Slowly? Because — well, Because.

She Advances Cautiously until She Reaches the Car. Then She Shifts All Her Bundles from one Arm to the Other. Then She Swishes Her Skirts. The People in the Car are now Swearing under their Breath. She takes hold of the Car very Carefully. No; it does not Bite Her. Still, She Hesitates.

Well, She Might as well Get On. She Does get on At Last. Then She looks Around with a Serene Air, as if She Thought everybody Loved Her. But Nobody Loves Her. Can You tell Why this is so?

Do the Motorman and the Conductor like to see a Woman waiting for the Car? Oh, Yes, they Do! With a Copper. Especially when the Car is Behind Time.

Sidney.



NIL DESPERANDUM.

MISTRESS.— You once went to a fortune-teller, Kitty? Did she tell you anything that came true?
 MAID.— No, Ma'am, but I 'm young yet!

NO MORE PIES.

“Mayme, did you ever do anything wild at college?”

“Yes, indeed! Once a lot of us girls got out and pulled up a whole acre of rhubarb-plants!”

GEOLOGICAL.

“These,” playfully remarked the swindler, as he filled the conventional tin box with green-goods, “are what you might call trap rocks!”



A VICTIM OF HABIT.

THE BULL-DOG.— I wish I had n't been a fool and mistaken these for coat-tails!

BB

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HER BATHING-SUIT.



SEE HER light-blue bathing-suit
That 's shedding tears of brine;
It bulges, bags
And droops and sags
Upon the backyard line.

It looks a wreck most woe-begone—
A mark for satire's barb;
But Beauty shines
In all its lines
In this sea-fairy garb.

Yes, Beauty's lines shine bright in it
In all their glowing pride
And music when
Into our ken
It pops with Maud inside.

R. K. Munkittrick.

WHO IS THIS MAN?

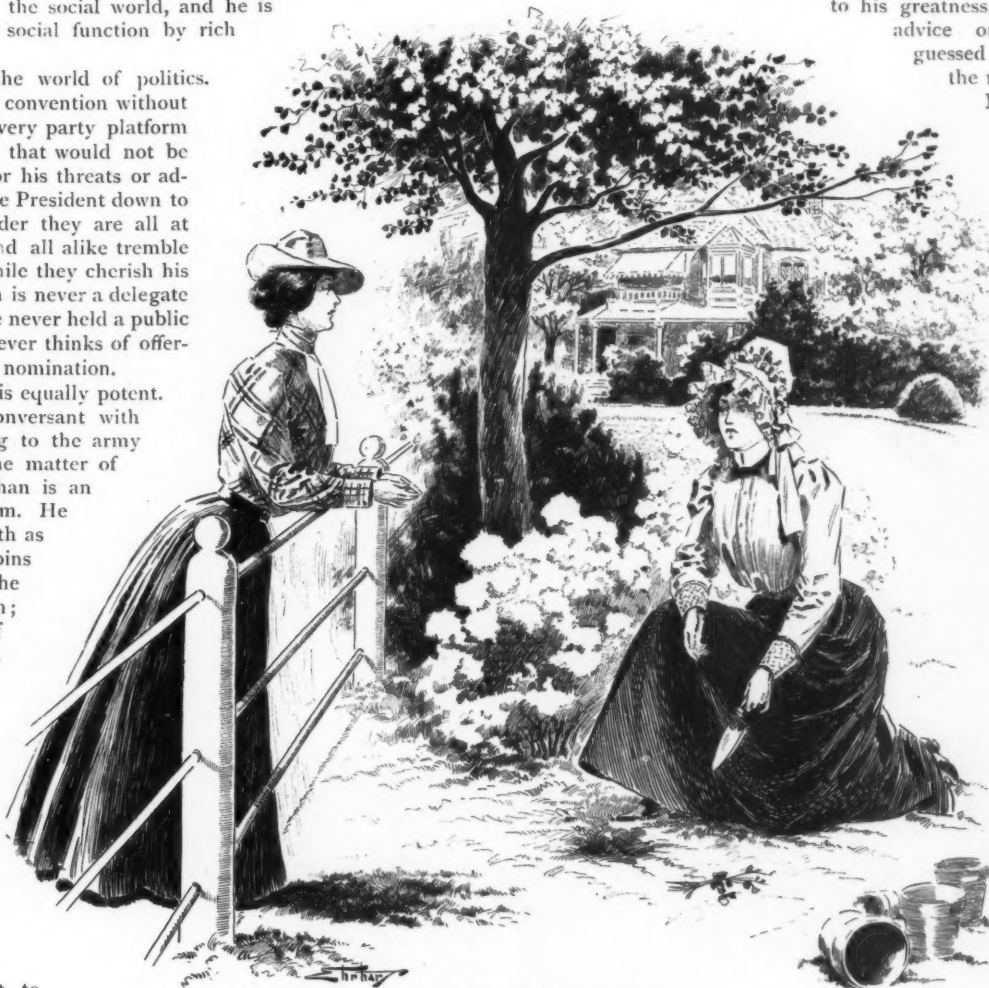
There is a man in this town who occupies the most singular position that could be imagined. In fact, it is so singular that no writer of fiction has ever conceived the possibility of his existence.

In the matter of scientific achievement this man is a perfect encyclopedia. He knows all about every discovery in the arts and sciences, can tell you just what it is intended to achieve, and, better than that, he can point out unerringly wherein and why it will fail, and also the great possibilities of which the inventor or projector never dreamed. Yet this man never invented anything in his life, or ever conceived a practical plan for the benefit of mankind.

This man is a society expert. He can settle all matters of social precedence and etiquette in all its branches; he decides off-hand questions about marriages from royalty to the slums; unravels the knottiest points that appall the social kings and queens, and in all things that agitate woman's realm speaks with authority that can not be gainsaid. Yet this man does not move in the best society, or in any society at all, for that matter. His very name is unknown to the people who think they lead the social world, and he is never invited to any social function by rich or poor.

This man rules the world of politics. No party can hold a convention without his advice, and in every party platform will be found planks that would not be found there except for his threats or admonitions. From the President down to the lowest office-holder they are all at his beck and call, and all alike tremble at his displeasure, while they cherish his praise. Yet this man is never a delegate to any convention, he never held a public office, and no party ever thinks of offering him the smallest nomination.

In war this man is equally potent. He is thoroughly conversant with everything pertaining to the army and navy, and in the matter of strategy Captain Mahan is an infant compared to him. He can handle armies with as much ease as a boy spins a top. The size of the army is nothing to him; he would n't care if the navy comprised a million ships; a fleet is to him like a steam launch; an army like a corporal's guard. Time, weather, topography, difficulty of furnishing supplies—they are all one to him. If his advice were followed every battle would be a victory; the country has but to listen to his words and it is saved. Yet this man is not at the head of the army or navy; he has never had



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IN LONESOMEHURST.

MRS. JONES.—So your cook has actually staid with you for six months?

MRS. SMITH.—Yes; and John is beginning to get very much worried about it! He thinks there must be a warrant out for her in New York, or something like that!



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BROKE HER CONTRACT.

MRS. SLIMDIET (*the landlady*).—Mr. Upton, you must either pay up or leave! I have kept my contract with you and you must keep your contract with me!

HARDY UPTON.—But you have n't kept your contract with me! You guaranteed to make me comfortable!

MRS. SLIMDIET.—Well, *have n't* I made you comfortable?

HARDY UPTON.—No! Your constant nagging me to settle my board bills for the last three months has made my life in this house exceedingly uncomfortable!

a sword or gun in his hand; a trip to Staten Island would make him sick, and the report of a six-pounder would bring on a faint.

Who is this man? What country is so indifferent to his greatness, and actually laughs at his advice or indignation? You have guessed it. The country is this, and the man is the editor of a Yellow Newspaper.

Sidney.

SOMETHING WRONG.

JAGGLES.—That theatrical manager claimed to have expended twenty thousand dollars on the costumes.

WAGGLES.—Yet the police raided his show because there was n't costumes enough.

QUESTION!

DICK.—Day-dreaming?

CHOLLY.—Yas, by Jove! I was lost in thought.

DICK.—Whose?

A RAINY DAISY.

MAY.—You don't mean to say you are going to see the ballet?

PAMELA.—Yes; I want to get some ideas for a rainy day costume.

NEVER SAY dye to a gay old gentleman with white hair and a dark moustache.

NOTHING IRRITATES a dyspeptic person more than to be told that to be good is to be happy.

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED FABLE.

NOT SO VERY long ago, either, a wicked urchin, while strolling through an orchard for very good reasons, — that is to say, for very good fruit, — spied on a tree that was peachy a nest that was bird-in-some. As the lad preferred the two downy egg-plants to the downy peaches, and as neither the mother-bird nor the nurse were at home, he deftly lifted the nestlings and resumed his cheerful saunterings. Now it chanced that the owner of the orchard was likewise the owner of a remarkably wide-awake parrot, which witnessed the entire proceedings from a neighboring bush. So, too, had its master; and now the infuriated man was bearing down upon the unsuspecting little rogue. But the bird, instantly taking in the situation, and wishing to do a good turn to humanity, shrieked: "Drop 'em and run like the devil!" This kindly advice the boy followed and was saved. Not so the poor parrot; for the baffled and perspiring pursuer on his return wrung the bird's neck for very anger and a few weeks later exhibited a stuffed parrot on his sitting-room mantel.

MORALS.—A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand; —
Virtue gets its reward in heaven.

M. H. Cane.

THAT THAT.

"That may be," said old schoolmaster Brown,
"A conjunction or else a pronoun;
But I'll declare flat
In regard to that that,
That that that that that man used 's a noun."

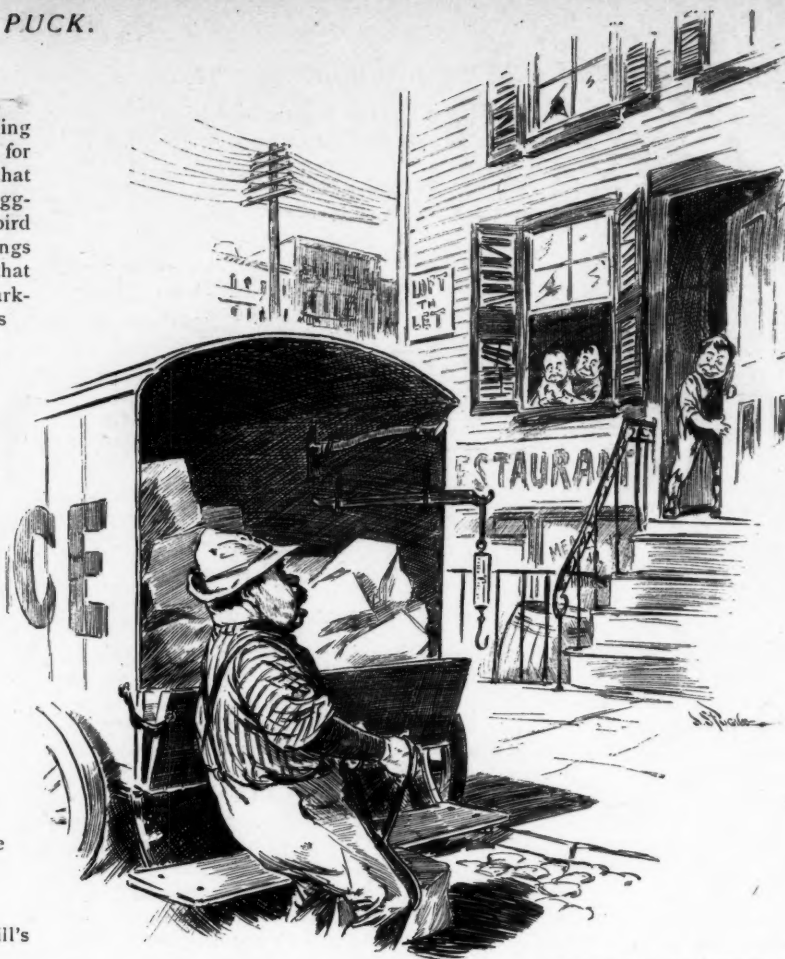
THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

SHE.—What a delightful Italian accent the Count Penutti has!
HE.—Very. Why, I often buy fruit of his countrymen just for the sake of hearing it.

HIS CONCLUSION.

AUNT HETTY.—The *Weekly Gazette* speaks of Jabez Boardbill's Empire House as a "hostelry." What's a hostelry?
UNCLE JOSH.—Well, seein' as it's the name they give to Boardbill's place, I judge it might mean a measly, old, ramshackle, one-hoss hotel.

THE MERCHANT can't expect to succeed who advertises to sell goods and then sells people.



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"HOW 'D YOU LIKE TO BE THE ICEMAN?"

BOY.—Hey, Mister! Got a fifty-cent cake of ice dere?"
MAN.—Yes!
BOY.—Well, set on it and make it look like thirty cents!

A REVISED MAXIM.

MINNIE.—Will she accept Mr. Graylock?
MAY.—I think so. She would rather have an old man's bank account than be a young man's slave.

WHEN PRACTICABLE.

BROWN.—There is one first-class remedy for seasickness.
JONES.—What is it?
BROWN.—Get off the boat.

A LY. YOUNG MAN.

A blue-grass young man from Ky. Was proclaimed by his friends very ply. When a widow he wed; But, now he is dead, The same say: "Gosh! was n't he ly.!"

CATCHING THE OLD MAN.

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, that man going yonder can't hear it thunder.
MR. CALLIPERS.—Is he deaf?
LITTLE CLARENCE.—No, sir; it is n't thundering.

AT THE SÉANCE.

THE MEDIUM.—The spirits will now write messages on the slate.
IRREVERENT PARTY.—Say, why don't they learn to use a typewriter?

UTOPIA.

SCRAGGLES.—Wot yer dreamin' about, Waggles?
WAGGLES.—I wuz thinkin' wot a fine world this wud be if der dorgs wuz all vegetarians!



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A TREASONABLE ACTION.

MOTHER.—Why in tears, my daughter? Did n't Haro'd kiss you this morning before going to work?
DAUGHTER.—Y—Yes, Mama! But he looked out of the door first to see how near his car was!

WE USE brain-foods, so-called, mostly to feed our vanity with.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"He is above taking advice." — N. Y. Journal.

OTIS AND HIS TROUBLES. **T**HUS 'IS General Otis fearlessly shown up by a pitiless advice-giver. Grave as it is, the charge seems to be well-founded. Not only has Otis refused the personal advice of Editor Hearst, who knows even more about war than he knows about the newspaper business, but he has positively refused to be guided by Mr. James Creelman, the up-to-date war correspondent who tells the rulers of earth what to think, who chaperoned the American forces all through the Cuban campaign and who has an automobile shot under him in every battle. Ignoring the counsels of the ordinary correspondent may be sheer ignorance or perversity; ignoring Creelman is sacrilege. And Otis has not only not found the voice of Creelman as the voice of God, but, as Creelman tearfully cabled his paper some time ago, "he refuses to let us send sensations *whether they are true or not.*" And Otis is further declared to be incompetent by his stenographer who has just landed in San Francisco. The *Journal* prints a letter from the stenographer on its first page. The stenographer says he does n't think Otis knows much about war and that he would have done things very differently from the way Otis did them. In the eyes of the stenographer and the *Journal* editor this is a crushing proof of Otis's incapacity. This may be said to complete the newspaper indictment against General Otis. The operations in the Philippines have shown vigor, readiness and a good head back of them. That they have not been effective to quell the insurrection must be attributed to a lack of soldiers. At least that is the reasonable view to take until Otis's incompetence has been established by some one beside reporters of the Creelman type whose livelihood depends upon "sensations." General Shafter was also declared incompetent by the same military authorities because he would not be advised by them nor make them his confidantes. Yet we all know now that Shafter did a big job in double-quick time, and we can see that he knew what he was about even when he refused to turn the command of his army over to so grizzled

a veteran as Mr. Richard Harding Davis, at that gentleman's urgent request. Yellow journalism has never before had a war to report and it is just learning that the feat is not to be approached as it approaches a fire or a divorce case, or "A Man with Two Stomachs Now in Bellevue." Whatever Otis's capabilities as a commander may be he has taken the right course with these pests. The British, it will be conceded, know something about making war, and they take pains to eliminate Yellow journalism from every campaign of importance. The reporters at Manila are in luck not to have had a Kitchener to deal with.

JAPAN'S DÉBUT. **J**APAN HAS shown how to behave toward the inevitable. When you see the inevitable coming along you may do one of two things. You may stand still and be run down or you may climb up and be carried along by it. To do the latter at the right time requires a nice perception of the balance between free-will and predestination, the knack of doing what you must do with profit and enjoyment to yourself. Japan was discovered, practically, by Commodore Perry some forty years ago. She at once divined that when the world discovers a country that country must either go forward or be speedily reduced to "spheres of influence." Japan chose to go forward. She tried it and found she could. She sent her young men to Europe and America to be educated. She procured foreign scholars to teach in her schools. And now, in one generation, she has fitted herself to be received as an equal by the civilized powers of the world. While China continues to be "it" for the international school of carving, Japan will grow in power and in national spirit. It is a pleasant occasion. Here's hoping she will so conduct herself as to justify the confidence that has been placed in her by her older sisters.

THE POLE-HUNTERS. **T**HOSE OF us that are town-bound read the other day with envy of an enticing social function now under way. It is the annual outing and games of the Peary Rescue Club. With colors flying, with spacious ice-chests, an abundance of fans and cooling drinks, the members of this organization in their natty new linen uniforms have set blithely off to perform their annual task. Applications for membership in the club, we understand, have been so numerous of late that difficulty was experienced in finding berths for all who desired to be present at the impressive rescue ceremonies which, it is said, will include the finding of Mr. Peary alone on an ice floe—reduced to his last edible boot, providing he can accurately calculate the arrival of the rescue party. Dissension was averted, we believe, only by a new rule that none but life-members of the Peary Rescue Club should be taken this Summer. The others had to be content with promises that they might go to rescue Mr. Peary next Summer or the Summer after. We learn that Mr. Peary is looking forward to an unusually pleasant rescue and is working overtime on his lecture and his testimonials to the tinned-food and scientific underwear people, in order to be in readiness for the occasion. We have been unable to verify the report that Mr. Peary will hereafter arrange to be rescued twice each Summer in order to accommodate the growing membership of the club. But some such plan is advisable if it would not too greatly increase his sufferings from sun-burn and prickly-heat.

MODERN MILITARY DEVELOPMENTS.

EPHRIAM.—Fer the last two years I've watched things purty closely down in Cuba and in the Philippines, in order to learn something about these here new-fangled improvements in war that we read of.
WILLIAM.—Well, which do you think is the most effectual?
EPHRIAM.—That 's where I'm at sea! I've watched the antics of all the fellers we've been fightin', an' blamed if I know which is the most reliable, a trocha, a junta, or a board of strategy.

GET TOGETHER.

The competitors in goodness
Who at each other thrust
Should imitate the plutocrats
And organize a trust.

HIS VIEWS.

MRS. NEWROCKS.—Is n't this delightful? There 's nothing I enjoy more than a *fête champêtre!*
MR. NEWROCKS.—It 's great! But what a pity it is that you can't keep mosquitos from attending a *fête champêtre!*

CAUSE FOR SURPRISE.

HE.—I'm writing for the magazines, now.
SHE (*in surprise*).—Why, I never knew that you took any part in the war!

THE RACE is to the swift and the battle to the strong; so honors are easy in the war in the Philippines.



COMPARATIVELY SAFE.

HANKS.—Old Bill Joslyn has a kind word for everybody.
BORROWBY.—He kin afford it; everybody knows it 's impossible to borrow anything from him!



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JAPAN MAKES HER DÉBUT UNDER



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

...T UNDER COLUMBIA'S AUSPICES.

MR. J. BULL UNIONJACK'S LETTER TO LONDON.

ON THE PARTITION OF CHINA.

"DID N'T see nodings in der babers dis morning," said Schwarzenkopf, "apoud anypody demandin' anoder slize of China."

"The invoys," said Mulligan, "may have tuk a day off to rist thimselves. But they'll soon be back to demand wit' renewed vigor annything Chiney has lift."

"And China," said I, "may as well submit gracefully to the inevitable."

"An' so she will," said Mulligan, "if she can mek up her moind what the divil it is. But wit' Roosha an' England an' Jarmany all makin' conthradictory demands; an' wit' France puttin' in claims whiniver she can shpare a minnit from her own troubles—bedad! submittin' to the inevitable is not so aisy an' simple as wan moight think."

"I am surprised," said I, "that your people do not take a more active interest in Chinese affairs. Your interests and those of England are almost identical, and if both countries were united in support of a common policy they could defy the world."

"An' so cud wan av thim alone if 't was necessary," said Mulligan; "but the other wan can't, an' thot 's what 's botherin' the other wan."

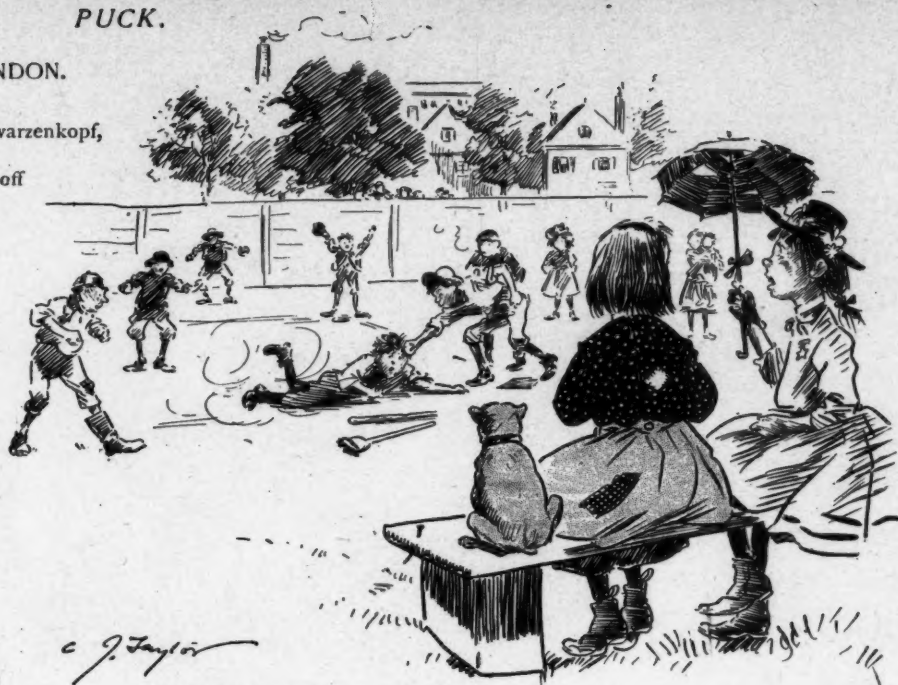
"Oh!" said I, "England would give a good account of herself, even against the world."

"Mebbe so," said Mulligan; "but sometimes she acts as if she did n't know whether she cud or not. If ye're proud av yer conniction wit' the raycint histhry av Chiney yer proide is aisily ex-soited. Let us tek a shor-rt glimpse into the raycint histh'ry av Chiney."

I settled back in my chair to listen to the diatribe:

"'T is but a few shor-rt years ago," said Mulligan, "thot the open-dure policy was the most fash'nable thing in Br-ritish diplomatic cir-rcles. Roosha an' Jarmany moight annex territory but England must have the open dure. An' there was a mon be the name av Sir Moichael Hicks-Baych thot attinded a banquet an' med a spache an' said England wud foight Roosha an' Jarmany an' France onliss she cud have the open dure. An' the nixt day the papers said the wur-ruld was electrified. An' so it was, bedad! Faith, Oi was electrified meself. 'This manes war,' said Oi to meself. 'Whin a mon be the name av Moike uses wur-ruds loike thim, brathin' death an' destruction in ivery loine,' says Oi, 'it manes ructions.' Oi've had a long an' var'ous ixpar'ence wit' min be the name av Moike an' know what Oi 'm talkin' about. An' whin Oi seen Misher Union-jack the nixt mor-rnin' wit' his face bamin' wit' pathriotic pr-roide an' mar-r-tial foire in his eye an' his chist ixpanded, says Oi, 'Here's another mon 'electrified.' 'T will be but a day or two befor Sir Moike, at the head av his foorces, 'll be mar-rchin' on the foe. He 's thot full av foight he 'll let nobody take command but himsilf. He may condiscind to accipt the aid av Japan, or he may disdain the same an' insist on havin' all the glory to himsilf. He may per-rmit the Tur-rks to remain neuthal, or he may compil thim to jine their foorces wit' the other inimies av civiloi-zation an' get licked wit' the rist. On Monday he 'll shatther the Frinch flate, an' Chuesda' he 'll capture Paris, Widnes-da' Berlin, Thursda' St. Pethersburg, Froida' Consthantinople, an' Sa-thurda' he 'll annex Si-beria. Whin posterity 'll ax 'Who was the greatest warrior av the noineteenth cin-tury?' histh'ry 'll answer 'Sir Moike!' Bedad! he 'll mek Napoleon Bonypart luk loike wan franc an' a half—loike thir-ty cints, begob!

"An' yit me apprihensions were not rayloized. The subsayquint carrare av Sir Moike has been onixpectedly paciful. "An' what has become av the open dure? Faith, 't is loike sixtane to wan an' many another



c. J. Taylor

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ALL FOR THE BEST.

ANGELINE.—Too bad yer lover got put out trying to make a home-run out of a three-bagger!

PENELOPE.—Oh! I don't know! If he 'd made a "homer" out uv it, nuthin' wud have satisfied him but a millionaire's daughter!

promisin' movement—some av its fri'nds don't know it 's dead, but the mayjums 'll soon be raysavin' missages from it.

"Sphayres av infloence is the watchwur-rud now. Says England, 'T is a sin an' a shame to be shtalin' the sacred sile av Chiney loike this.' Says Roosha, 'Nayther admittin' nor denoyin' that, why not help yerself to a few square moiles befor it 's all gone?' An' says England, after hemmin' an' hawin' an' blushin' a little to think av what the United Shtates 'll think av her, says she, 'Well, for the binifit av humanity an' civiloi-zation an' to prayvint the nameless effusion av blood, Oi will!' An' thot 's what she 's at now.

"An' in me own opinion," continued Mulligan, "we shud think twice befor we unther-take to droive the Rooshans out av Chiney. We can do it, av coorse—divil a doubt av that; but is it worth the throuble? Oi 'll say nothin' about the consistency av pushin' our goods into furrin par-rts at the bay'nit's p'int if nicissary an' kapin' out furrin goods at home be manes av Custom House insphectors. 'Free Thrade Abroad an' P'rotection at Home' may be as good a battle-croy as the nixt, but it 's a big unther-takin', an' Oi see no rayson at prisint why we shud meddle wit' it."

"When did you become so conservative, Mulligan?" I asked. "I thought you were ready for a fight in season and out of season."

"Oi was talkin'," said Mulligan, with dignity, "av a foight wit' Roosha or Jarmany. A foight wit' England wud be a horse av another color. Let us raysarve our stringth an' raysoorces for a shtruggle wit' our ancient an' hiridithary inimy. She 's paciful an' fri'ndly now, but twice befor she tried to do us up an' got licked. Histh'ry raypates itsilf, an' thot 's a great comfort—for some payple."



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HARD TO TELL.

MRS. JUSTWED.—Speaking of married life, love, do you think that anticipation is greater than realization?

MR. JUSTWED.—Well, anticipation is broader and higher, but realization is longer and flatter;—so there you are!



John Cassel

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THE WAY THINGS GO.

FLOORWALKER.—What kind of a hat did that two-hundred-pound woman ask for?
SALES LADY.—She said she wanted one that was real cute and jaunty.

ON THE HUNT.



HERE IS Robberville-on-River,
And there 's Snidehurst-on-the-Grin;
There 's Buncoham-on-Cheatside,
Where they take a stranger in.

We have known Starvedale-on-Sandhill—
Ev'ry Whichurst-on-the-Where,—
But the Summer-place we 're seeking
Is the one that 's on the square.

Edward Boltwood.

CHANGE OF SCENE NECESSARY.

"Slowpay," said the boarder, "says he has nothing to live for."

"Indeed?" snapped the landlady. "Well, he 'll soon find that he can't live for nothing here!"

HE FELT IT IN HIS BONES.

"How do you know it is rheumatism?" asked his friend. "You have n't seen a doctor."

"I know what it is, all right," replied the victim. "Rheumatism is one of those things that does n't need an introduction."

NOT FOR HER TO LEAVE.

In that moment he cursed her.
"Leave me!" he cried. "Leave me forever!"
His wife laughed the cruel laugh he had learned to dread.
"You did not marry a cook!" she sneered, coldly, and remained.

THE TIME has come when a woman's footprints on the sands of time do not cause scandal any more.

NO SURPRISE TO HIM.

MRS. TIFFINGTON.—Well, Uncle Amos, what do you think of the automobiles?

UNCLE AMOS.—I allus told Aunt Mari, them ol' 'lectric keers c'd git along 'thout tracks 'f they wanted to.

HIS EXPLANATION.

HIS FATHER.—I 'm surprised at you, George! The idea of doing it with your little hatchet!

GEORGE.—Well, Ma would n't let me use it on the parlor furniture.

AT THE TAILOR'S.

"Useless sort of creature, is n't he?" said the solid citizen, after Cholly had gone.

"Not at all!" said the tailor, warmly. "He buys expensive clothes and pays his bills."

A NEW LEAF.

FIRST TRAMP.—I 've about made up me mind dat I won't depend on charity fer a livin' no longer.

SECOND TRAMP.—What are yer goin' ter do?

FIRST TRAMP.—I 've got a sandbag.

THE NINETY-AND-NINE.

"It is fortunate for me," remarked the Hundredth Sheep, not unacutely, "that the shepherd is n't a shepherdess!"

HEREDITARY.

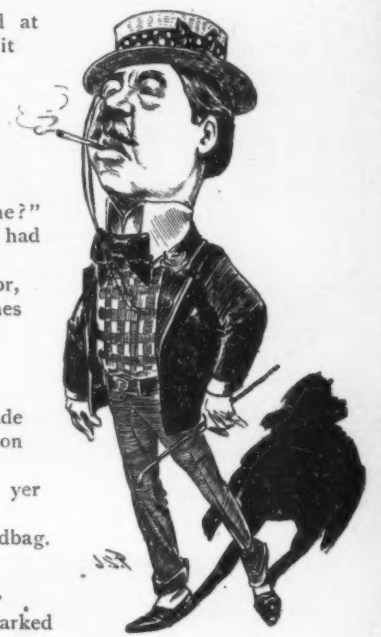
THE DUCK.—That yellow-and-black child of yours is awful fresh. How do you account for it?

THE HEN.—He was a bad egg, I guess.

THE TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

"How did you know the burglar was a woman disguised as a man?"

"Why, when we peeped through a crack of the door he was trying on my wife's new hat at the mirror!"



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IT MADE IT EASIER.

CASSIDY.—Wherever you go in this wide, wide world you will find an Irishman!
CASEY.—Yis; ispecially if yez are lookin' for foight!

THE TROUBLE WITH DRESS REFORM.

MR. SAVELITTLE.—Well, my dear, did you go to that dress reform lecture, as I suggested?

MRS. S.—Yes; and it was very interesting.

“What do you think of the idea?”

“The reform dress is certainly sensible, convenient and decidedly becoming, but —”

“Well, what’s the ‘but?’”

“I can’t see, my love, how such a simple garment can ever be made to cost enough to be respectable.”—*New York Weekly.*

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
 Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.
 CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.
 Our name spells—
S-O-H-M-E-R
 New York SOHMER BUILDING
 Warehouses, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

BARKEEPERS FRIEND
 METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE STICKING POINT.

“What is your objection to surrendering?” inquired the weary Filipino.

“I have n't any objection to surrendering,” was the leader's answer. “All I object to is being compelled to admit that I have been whipped.”—*Washington Star.*

A perfect drink, as wholesome as it is delicious, *Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry.* It is superior.

YOUR ARM



can be enlarged one inch and wrist strengthened 50 per cent. IN ONE MONTH by using the

HERCULES

Graduated Gymnastic Club and Strength Tester. Unlike Indian clubs, BUT ONE CLUB IS REQUIRED FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

With this club the arms and chest can be developed in less than one-half the time required by chest weights, dumbbells or any other apparatus known.

Send for descriptive pamphlet and price list to “HERCULES,” Box 3550 C, Boston, Mass.

“Ah! don't you remember me? I had the pleasure of meeting you at the opera, last season,” said the dude.

“I remember your face,” said the girl, witheringly; “but I can't remember just what Papa called you.”—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ALWAYS treat a woman as though she were a perfect lady, even though she is your own wife or sister.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*



SHE EXPLAINS.

HE (*accusingly*).—You passed me yesterday and never noticed me!

SHE (*simply*).—I did n't notice you.

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, rightly used leaves the stamp of good health upon the user—bright eyes, clear complexion and satisfaction in living.

BEYOND COMPROMISE.

“Is there no way of compromising your differences?” asked the lawyer of his suburban client, bent on inaugurating a suit for divorce.

“None at all! Go ahead. Put it on ground of extreme cruelty. I told her to get me the best Spring medicine she could find. She ordered a bucksaw, a cord of hardwood and an ax. All hope of an amicable adjustment is past.”—*Detroit Free Press.*

DID YOU EVER COLLECT STAMPS?—There is much pleasure and money in it. For only 5 cents we will start you with an Album, and 50 different stamps from Cuba, Phil. Isl., Porto Rico, etc., and our 50-page list, etc. We Buy Old Stamps. Standard Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo.

WORLD'S STANDARD
Popular Cocktails.
 Purity, Perfect Distillation, Scientific Blending.
The Most Delicious of Drinks.
 “They touch the spot.”
 WHISKEY, MANHATTAN, MARTINI, VERMOUTH, BRANDY, GIN, ETC.
EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES,
 RHEINSTROM BROS.,
 Distillers and Exporters. Cincinnati.

Ask your Dealer for the “Good Luck Flask.”

It's hard for the new minister to square the sewing-circle.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

A HORSE-SHOE nailed on the front of your house will not overcome laziness.—*Atchison Globe.*

A MORTIFYING THOUGHT.

“Is n't that your letter to Fred?”

“Yes. You see, I tried to fold it in a way that would n't make it look the least bit like one of Edward Atkinson's pamphlets. Dear me! I should die of mortification if those San Francisco post-office clerks happened to read what I've written to Freddy!”—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The good name & good quality of BETWEEN THE ACTS LITTLE CIGARS

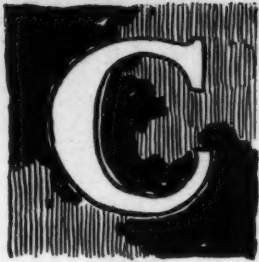
has caused many manufacturers to imitate them. They are now sold in tin boxes—10 for 10 cents; 50 for 50 cents. There are other tin boxes but no other little cigars as good—as clean—as desirable as “Acts.” You can use them scores of times when you cannot stop to buy or smoke a cigar. You can carry them conveniently, as the box of 10 fits any pocket. Let us send you 50, post paid, for 50 cents—they will save you their cost.

American Tobacco Co., 3 507-529 W. 22d St., New-York City.

ARROW BRAND
 2 FOR 25¢
 RARITAN
CLUETT, PEABODY & Co. MAKERS

1.00 P. M. Leave New York; 3.55 Next Afternoon Reach Chicago — NEW YORK CENTRAL.

EXPLOITS OF THE KISSING-BUG.



CADIZ, O.—A kissing-bug of large size attacked Thomas Ricketts, of this place, this morning. Mr. Ricketts, who is very strong, defended himself stoutly with a cane he carried, but he would have fallen a victim to the uneven warfare had not five or six friends, who saw his peril, rushed to his rescue. A well-directed bullet, lodged in the creature's brain, ended its life. It measured five feet four inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, and its teeth were as sharp as lancets.

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.—A monster kissing-bug was caught here to-day in the act of carrying off a two-year-old baby to its eyrie. A number of determined men followed until they saw it alight, and they reached the spot in time to save the infant's life. The monster escaped. In its nest were the bones of several lambs and young pigs.

WOODS HOLL, MASS.—John Givens was fishing here to-day and had hooked a six-pounder. As he was attempting to land his fish a large kissing-bug that had been hovering near swooped down upon the fish and carried it away. John was very much disgusted, as it was the largest fish he had hooked this season.

CORRY, PA.—At about ten o'clock this morning Charles Grove was bitten by a large bug on the back of the neck at the base of the brain. In a few minutes his hair turned red, and he went off into unconsciousness. After the doctors had worked with him three hours he recovered sensibility, but his voice, which had been a tenor of high quality, was changed to an alto, and he had forgotten how to swim. It is thought that the creature which bit Mr. Grove was a kissing-bug.

BOSTON, MASS.—A kissing-bug as large as an English sparrow attempted osculatory privileges with Miss Penelope Backbay, on the Common, this morning. The misguided beast fell dead, frozen stiff, as soon as it got within an inch of her lips.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—There is no sea serpent here this season, but kissing-bugs are numerous. Italian Joe, the donkey boy, has trained two of them to work in harness, and they may be seen on the beach any fine day, hauling a cartload of youngsters. It is proper to add that while these ordinarily ferocious beasts have been thoroughly tamed by Joe, he keeps them muzzled, as a precaution against their relapsing into their natural habits.

William Henry Siviter.

AN UNSETTLED POINT.

CHAPPINGTON.—You know, "all the world's a stage."

SUE BRETTE.—I wonder who 'll be waiting for me at the stage-door after the show—St. Peter or Mephisto?

SOURCE OF THE RUBÁIYÁT.

"But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,"
Sang Khayyam, as with cup in hand he sat;
Poured down the gushing jewel of the wine—
And that's where Omar got his Ruby at.



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A REACTIONIST.

WEARY WILLY.—Dey say action and reaction are always equal.

FRAYED FAGIN.—Yes. I t'ink one uv my ancestors must have worked himself to death and I 'm de reaction!

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

BARBER SHOP

WILLIAMS SHAVING SOAP USED HERE



When you see that sign on a barber shop, "Williams' Shaving Soap used here," you need not hesitate to enter. You may be sure of a good, clean, comforting, refreshing shave. Above all, you are safe from the dangers which lurk in cheap, inferior shaving soaps.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS are used by all first-class barbers, and are for sale all over the world.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Quickly Cure Stomach Troubles, brought on by Heat and Overwork.



WALTHAM WATCHES

The best and most reliable timekeepers made in this country or in any other. The "Riverside" (trade-mark) movement is jeweled throughout with rubies and sapphires.

For sale by all jewelers.

THE Keeley Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using. Cure

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these **KEELEY INSTITUTES**. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y. BUFFALO, N. Y. LEXINGTON, MASS. PROVIDENCE, R. I. WEST HAVEN, CONN.

Exhaustion

From
Summer Heat

Needs a
Prompt Stimulant
Taken in moderation.

The Purest Type
of the
Purest Whiskey

Hunter
Baltimore
Rye

10 Years Old

Revives, Restores



Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50
for a superb box of candy
by express, *prepaid* east of
Denver or west of New York.
Suitable for presents. Sample
orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.



Price \$40

The fact that no other make of wheel
is seen in so great numbers, this year,
as are popular

Rambler
BICYCLES

is not due to price alone. But price
counts, when it is fair!

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
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York, Brooklyn, Detroit, Cincinnati,
Buffalo, Cleveland, London, Eng.

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Kodaks

make photography simple, easy.
\$5.00 to \$35.00.

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The Club
COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN,
MARTINI, WHISKEY,
HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN,
VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A COCKTAIL MUST BE
COLD TO BE GOOD; TO
SERVE IN PERFECT
CONDITION, POUR
OVER CRACKED ICE,
(NOT SHAVEN) STIR
AND STRAIN OFF.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., SOLE PROPRIETORS
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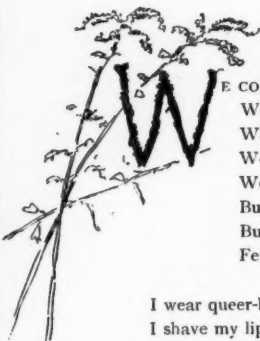


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CRITICISM.

FIRST COW.—Ugh! It made me shiver! I overheard the farmer's wife
reading the market report;—such heartrending details about the prices of
hindquarters and sides and shoulders and loins and livers—ugh!

SECOND COW (*sympathetically*).—Yes, indeed! I understand the papers
are becoming more sensational every day!



THE "ANTIQUE" BUSINESS.

W E COME here from the city 'bout a dozen year ago;
We went ter raisin' garden-sass, but, darn it! 't would n't grow;
We tried the poultry bizness, but the critters would n't lay;
We took in Summer boarders, but we could n't make it pay;
We tried 'most everything, I guess, that 's in the farmin' line,
But skurce got back a dollar where we put out eight or nine.
But now we 've struck a Klondike that is full of payin' streaks—
Fer we 're simple, guileless rustics and we 're sellin' our "antiques."

I wear queer-lookin' breeches and an old snuff-colored coat,
I shave my lips and chin and wear my whiskers like a goat;
I say, "Dew tell!" and "Wanter know!" and all sich talk as that;
I use a red bandanner which I carry in my hat.
My wife she wears sun-bonnets and a real old homespun gown,
(This homespun stuff is mighty cheap, she buys it up in town);
And, by the Summer people, we 're known 'most everywhere
As "that dear old-fashioned couple" or "that sweet old married pair!"

Our house, you see, has come ter be a reg'lar kind of show,
A place where all the city-folks is told ter surely go;
And when they come and nose around, why, everywhere they look
They scream with joy ter see the queer old things in every nook.
There 's old blue-chiny dishes that we 've had "fer years and years,"—
The thoughts of partin' from 'em jes' makes Mother bust in tears;
There 's dressers and there 's warmin'-pans and tables, too, that I
Can never think of sellin',—till the price gits good and high.

And when they 've bought all that they want, I ask 'em not ter tell,
Because my wife and me had said them things we 'd never sell!
And I break down and choke and sob and Ma goes all ter smash;
But when they 've gone we have great times a-countin' up the cash.
The cellar 's full of spinnin'-wheels, the barn is full of chairs,
There 's antique desks and dressers hid around 'most everywhere;
There 's always more ter take the place of each departed thing—
I buy 'em by the carload in the city every Spring.

A plain ten-dollar bureau is nigh wuth its weight in gold,
If yer only bang it up a bit ter git it lookin' old;
And them cheap blue sets of dishes brings a "hundred" every lick
If you 're jest a leetle careful and give every piece a nick.
So let them that b'leaves in farmin' farm themselves clean off their legs,
And let them that 's raisin' poultry keep a-prayin' fer more eggs,
And let them that 's takin' boarders put in "ads." for weeks and weeks,
But I 'll stay a simple rustic and keep peddlin' out "antiques!"

Joe Lincoln.



ACTS GENTLY ON THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER
AND BOWELS
CLEANSES THE SYSTEM
DISPELS EFFECTUALLY,
COLD'S HEADACHES & FEVERS
OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
PERMANENTLY
TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE—MAN'FD BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE.

Now use your lawn-mower more.—L. A. W.
Bulletin.

IT PAYS TO PAY FOR QUALITY.

If the price you pay for a bicycle is too little
to include DUNLOP TIRES in the bargain, your
money 's not well spent; you 've made a bad
investment; you 're courting trouble, and it will
be a very poor bicycle indeed if you cannot get
it with DUNLOP TIRES, for 100 manufacturers
are supplying their wheels thus equipped.

Our trade mark is moulded
on every DUNLOP TIRE
(except those made by our
licensees, The Western
Wheel Works and the Pope
Mfg. Co.), and it is a guaran-
tee of quality as well as a
graphic description of the
ease with which the tire can
be repaired, for "those are
the only tools you 'll need."



TRADE MARK
Get our booklet from any bicycle dealer,
or we will mail it on request. . . .
THE AMERICAN DUNLOP TIRE COMPANY,
BELLEVILLE, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



Rae's
Lucca
Olive
Oil...

Combines
Perfection
of Quality
with
Absolute
Purity

S. RAE & CO.,
Leghorn, Italy.
Established 1836.

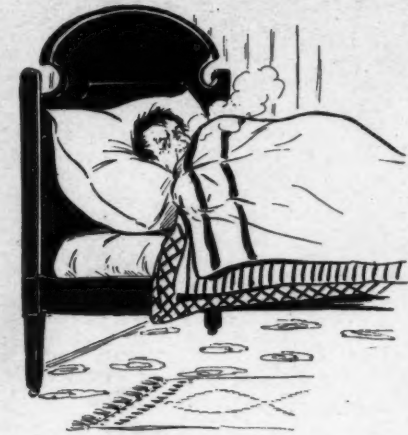


OLD OVERHOLT
A PURE STIMULANT
Physicians prescribe it
A. OVERHOLT & CO.,
Pittsburg, Pa.



Milo
CIGARETTES
Aromatic Delicacy, Mildness & Purity.
Caters to the most Refined Taste.
A BLEND OF THE FINEST EGYPTIAN TOBACCO.
25¢ A BOX
SURBRUG, 204 BROADWAY, N.Y.

ONE OF THEM.
PEPPREY.—Some people make me tired.
SAPHEAD.—For instance?
PEPPREY.—Oh! some fellows are never satisfied to take things as they are. They always want to know the why and wherefore.
SAPHEAD.—That's so! I wonder why it is?—*Catholic Standard and Times.*
"SONNY," said Uncle Eben, "look-out foh deshere proverbs. Dey tells you dar's books in de runnin' brooks, but don't you 'magine you's gwinter git yoh education goin' in swimmin'."
—*Washington Star.*



INCONSISTENCY.
MR. ANYMAN (*Last Winter*).—Confound it all! I hate Winter! Have been sleeping under three heavy blankets and can hardly keep warm!

YPSILANTI HEALTH UNDERWEAR
SEND FOR BOOKLET TO
HAY & TODD MFG. CO. YPSILANTI, MICH.

ALLEN'S A Powder for the Feet. FOOT-EASE.
Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and burning, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. Do not accept an imitation. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.
FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y. (Mention this paper.)

SPRING MEDICINE.
A goat one fine day ate a poster-girl gay,
And the billy's digestion grew bad;
But, most strange to relate, he was cured
when he ate
A bit of Dyspepsia Cure "ad."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*
MRS. STILES.—I shall never invite Mr. Funniman to dinner again.
MR. STILES.—Why not? He is a very entertaining chap.
MRS. STILES.—That's just it. He tells such funny stories that he makes the butler laugh.—*Harper's Bazar.*
CRIMSONBEAK.—Have you seen the up-to-date circus?
YEAST.—No; what do they do?
CRIMSONBEAK.—Have a chariot-race in automobiles.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. L. Lebanon, Ohio.

HUMANITY'S BENEFACITOR.

Thousands Who Were Afflicted Raise Their Voice in Gratitude to this Wonderful Man.

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ALMOST any man, when he gets to telling about the sleep he loses, lies about it.—*Washington Democrat.*

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IT MIGHT MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

PENDITA.— One pink lemonade and two straws! Who says two can't live as cheap as one?
PENILOPE.— Yes; but dey ain't married yet!